# The War Cry

All Round The World.

And Official Gazette Of The Salvation Army Canada.

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## No. XXIX. — "THEORETICAL RELIGION." No. 2.

A VISION.

## THE General's Letter.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY Scattered throughout the WORLD.

-o-o-o-

My Dear Comrades,

I must have another word on this topic. I left off, you will remember, last week with the statement of some startling facts relative to the woe-begone condition of the people round about us, and by asking the question of the Christian world, and of you, my comrades of the Salvation Army—"Who cares?"

You have seen the question. Thousands of you have read and answered it. I am sure you have. I feel as though I had heard the response coming back from 100,000 hearts, like the sound of many waters.

"We care."

But, my comrades, is your care *practical?* Is it *sufficiently* practical? What comes of it? What is it going to make you do in the future?

Excuse me (I am sure you will), but I am tempted to doubt it. I cannot help it. The religious atmosphere is so peopled with unrealities—with crowds whose words and prayers and hymns are so blankly and indecently contradicted by their lives, that just now I am all but afraid to believe anybody, even the Soldiers of The Salvation Army. I am tempted to doubt myself, so forgive me for pushing the question and asking with respect even to the response of sympathy which has broken from your hearts—*"What will come of it?"*

Something must be done—more definite and determined, more desperate and divine than anything hitherto. Cannot we get within measurable distance of the example of our Master? Which is only saying in other words, Cannot we reach a devotion which will truthfully answer to what we say we believe about these perishing multitudes?

Here, my comrades, there rises to my view a vision which came to my soul a few days ago when musing on this question, and which I cannot refrain from telling you.

I thought I saw a dark and stormy ocean. Over it the black clouds hung heavily, through which thunders rolled, and every now and then vivid lightnings flashed. The winds moaned, and the waves rose and foamed and fretted and broke, and rose to foam and fret and break again.

In that ocean I thought I saw myriads of poor human beings plunging and tossing and shouting and shrieking and cursing, and struggling and drowning, and as they cursed and shrieked they rose and shrieked again, and sank to rise no more.

And out of this dark angry ocean I saw a mighty rock rise up above the black clouds that overhung the stormy sea; and and all around the base of this rock I saw a vast platform; and up on to this platform I saw with delight a number of the poor struggling drowning wretches continually climbing out of the angry ocean, and I saw that a number of those who were already safe on the platform helped these to reach the same place of safety.

On looking more particularly, I found a number of those who had been rescued, scheming and contriving by ladders and ropes and boats to deliver the poor strugglers out of the sea. Here and there were some who actually jumped in, regardless of all consequences in their eagerness to save, and I hardly know which gladdened me the most—the seeing of the poor creatures climb the rocks and reach the place of safety, or the devotion and self-sacrifice of those who only seemed to live to save them.

And as I looked I saw that the occupants of that platform were quite a mixed company. That is, they divided themselves into different sets, and were employed in quite different ways; and it was only a very few, comparatively, who seemed to make a business of getting the people out of the sea.

What puzzled me very much about the former was to observe that though they had all been rescued at one time or another from the ocean, nearly all of them seemed to have forgotten all about it. Anyway, the memory of its darkness and danger no longer afflicted them; and what was equally strange and perplexing to me was that these people did not seem to have any care—that is, any agonizing care—about the poor perishing ones who were struggling and drowning close by, many of whom were their own husbands and wives and mothers and sisters and children.

And this unconcern could not have been because they were ignorant of what was going on, because they lived right in sight of it all, and talked about it sometimes, and regularly went to hear lectures which described the awful state of things.

I have already said that the occupants of this platform were engaged in different pursuits.

Some were absorbed night and day in trading in order to make gain and store up their savings in boxes and by other means.

Many spent their time in amusing themselves with growing flowers on the side of the rock; others in painting pieces of cloth, or in performing music, or in dressing themselves up in different ways and walking about to be admired.

Some occupied themselves very much in eating and drinking, and others were greatly taken up with arguing about the poor drowning creatures in the sea, and what would become of them, or in going through rounds of curious religious ceremonies.

Some found a passage up the rock leading to a higher platform still, which was fairly above the black clouds that overhung the ocean, and from which they had a good view of the mainland, which was not very far away, and to which they expected to be taken off at some distant day. Here they passed their time in pleasant thoughts, congratulating themselves and each other on their good luck in being rescued from the stormy deep, and singing songs about the happiness they were to enjoy when they should be taken to the mainland, that they imagined they could see "just over there."

And all this time the struggling, shrieking multitudes were floating about in the dark sea, quite near by—quite near enough to have been pulled out; instead of which there they were right in full view perishing, not only one by one, but in shoals, sinking down every day in the dark and angry sea.

And as I looked, I found that the handful whom I had observed before—oh God! how I wished there had been a multitude of them—were still struggling with their rescue work. Indeed they did little else but fret and cry and toil and scheme for the perishing people. They gave themselves no rest, and sadly bothered everybody they could get at around them. In fact they came to be voted a real nuisance by many quite benevolent and kind-hearted people, and many who were very religious, too. But still they went on, spending all they had and all they could get, in boats and rafts and drags and ropes, and every other imaginable thing they could invent for saving the poor, wretched, drowning people.

A few others did much the same at times, work hard in their way, but these people who attracted my attention made such a terrible business of it and went at it with such fierceness and fury that many even of those who were doing the same kind of thing called them mad.

And then I saw something more wonderful still. I thought that the miseries and agonies and perils and blasphemies of these poor struggling people in this dark sea moved the pity of the great God in Heaven. Moved it so much that He sent a Great Being to deliver them. And I thought that this Great Being whom Jehovah sent came straight from His Palace, right through the black clouds, and leaped right into the raging sea among the drowning, sinking people, and there I saw Him toiling to rescue them, with tears and cries, until the sweat of His great anguish ran down in Blood.

And as He toiled and embraced the poor wretches and tried to lift them on to the rock He cried out continually to those already rescued—to those whom He had helped up with His own bleeding hands—to come and help Him in the painful and laborious task.

And what seemed to me most passing strange was that those on the platform got on to the mainland some day, because as a matter of fact it was well known that some had walked so carelessly as to miss their footing, and had got back into the stormy water.

So those people used to meet and get as high up the rock as they could, and looking towards the mainland where they thought the great being was, they would cry out, "Come to us! Come and help us!" And all this time He was down among the poor struggling drowning creatures in the angry deep, with His arms round them, trying to drag them out, and looking up—oh, so longingly, but all in vain, to those on the rock, and crying to them with His voice all hoarse with calling, "Come to me! Come and help me!

And then I understood it all. It was plain enough. The sea was the ocean of life—the sea of real actual human existence. That thunder was the distant echoing of the wrath of God. That lightning was the gleaming of piercing truth coming from Jehovah's Throne. Those multitudes of people shrieking—struggling—agonizing in the stormy sea were thousands and thousands and thousands of poor harlots and harlot-makers, of drunkards and drunkard-makers, of thieves and liars and blasphemers and ungodly of every kindred and nation and tongue.

Oh what a black sea is there, and, oh, what multitudes of rich and poor—ignorant and educated, and yet all alike in one thing—all sinners before God, helpless, and holding on to, some iniquity, fascinated by some idol; the slaves to some devilish lust, and ruled by some fiend from the bottomless pit.

"All alike in one thing?" Nay, in two things—not only the same in their wickedness, but unless rescued alike in their sinking, sinking, sinking, down, down, down to the same hell.

And that great sheltering Rock was Calvary, and the people on it were those who had been rescued, and the way they employed their energies and gifts and time set forth the occupations of those who profess to be rescued from sin and hell and to be living to God. And the handful of fierce determined saviours were Salvation Soldiers, and a few others who shared the same spirit. And that mighty Being was the Son of God, "the same yesterday—to-day, and for ever," who is still struggling to save the dying multitudes about us from the terrible doom of damnation, and whose voice can be heard above the music and machinery and hue and cry of life calling on the rescued to come and help Him save the world.

My comrades, you are rescued from the waters; you are on the rock. He is in the dark sea, calling on you to come to Him and help Him. Will you go?

Look for yourselves. The surging sea of perishing souls rolls up to the very spot on which you stand. This is no vision or imagination I speak of now. It is as real as the Bible; as real as the Christ who hung on the Cross, as real as the Judgment Day will be, and as real as the Heaven and hell that will follow it.

Look! Don't be deluded by appearances—men and things are not what they

Continued on Page 2.

## "GO OUT QUICKLY INTO THE STREETS AND LANES

Of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and maimed, The halt and the blind."

## BEAT THE PARCHMENT AND BRING THEM IN.

## "THAT HORRID DRUM!"

## AND WHAT IT DOES.

## HE THAT CONVERTETH A SINNER FROM THE

Error of his Ways shall save a Soul from Hell.

## Salvation Drums.

### Are They Any Good?

How many people are down on our drums, and vote our brass bands and processions a nuisance? And yet today there are scores, nay, hundreds, if not thousands, who are saved and marching in the ranks of the Salvation Army who would still have been living in awful sin, and some in hell, if they had not been aroused and interested, and drawn into our barracks by the sound of our salvation band.

Here, in our cut, we give a real case in point. The poor man, on the Sunday morning, had been drinking, until he was incapable of reaching his home. As he rolled and staggered along, he came to a vacant plot of ground where lay an old cement cask. Crawling into it.

He lay in his drunken slumber

until our procession came along, when the beating of the drum and sound of the brass instruments roused him. Raising himself, he saw the troops as they marched, singing to the music, and he crawled out towards the pavement, when our Officers saw him, and laid hold of him, taking him to the barracks.

The poor drunkard became convinced of his sin, and sought and found salvation at the penitent form, and over and over again has testified to the fact that Jesus has saved him. I shook hands some weeks ago with the man and his wife. The wife assured me of the change in her husband, and the happiness of their home; and, praise God, this is only one of a large number of cases.

We can quite believe that our processions, with brass bands, are a source of annoyance to some as we pass by their homes; but the annoyance is only for two or three minutes; and

What words can describe our selfishness

if we are unwilling to be disturbed for a short time for the sake of arousing and attracting the poor careless soul.

The world cannot be saved unless we are willing to be put to great inconvenience. The cross was a great inconvenience to Jesus Christ, but He endured the shame and all the suffering with a view to our salvation.

With the knowledge we have of the glorious results of our bands and troops marching through the streets we should be traitors to our King if we held back. Soldiers, "Forward to the fight" must be our watchword. The brazen hosts of hell are not afraid of publicly defying God by their parade, noise, and show. Ours is a worthy cause—a Divine work—see that nothing hinders. Let us be diligent and

Prompt in our open-air work,

looking to our great Leader, and many more such cases as this we show in our picture shall be forthcoming.

### Yorkville.

Oh! my, they are all on the strike. Who? Why the 23rd Corps, and they are sure to win, for it is love that compels them to strike at sin. We have this week seen

Nine Yield,

and say they would comply with the conditions. Our union is strong, the band that guides us is love, and the union is Christ. It seems as if the devil tries his best to upset us. But, glory hallelujah! we still march on. A sinner asked one of our Soldiers if he was saved. Yes, he answered. No, you are not, says the sinner, for the devil is in your boots. That is the place to have him, answered the Soldier.

Hallelujah! we mean, by God's help, to always keep him under foot in Yorkville.

Capt. Philpot.

seem. My vision was only a vision was only a fiction, but the reality is far more harrowing than any fiction can possibly be. All who are not on the Rock are in the Sea. Look at them from the standpoint of the Great White Throne and what a sight you have. That is matter of fact enough and it is also matter of fact that Jesus Christ the Son of God is in the midst of this dying multitude, struggling to save them. And it is also matter of fact that He is calling on you to jump into the sea—to go right away to His side and help Him.

Will you jump? That is, my comrades, will you go to His feet and place yourself absolutely at His disposal?

A Soldier came to me the other day saying that for some time she had been doing something for the Master. She had been giving Him profession and prayers and money, and now she wanted to give Him her body. She wanted to go right into the fight. In other words, she wanted to jump. As when a man from the bank sees another struggling in the waters, lays aside those outer garments that would hinder his efforts and jumps in to the rescue, so will you who still linger on the bank thinking and singing and praying about the poor struggling souls lay aside your shame your pride, your care about other people's opinions, your love of ease and all other selfish loves that have hindered you so long and jump to the rescue of this multitude of dying souls.

Does the surging sea look dark and dangerous? Perhaps so. There is no doubt that the the leap, for you as for everyone who takes it, means distress and scorn and suffering. For you it may mean more than this. It may mean death. He who calls to you from the sea, however, knows what it will mean: and, knowing it, he still beckons you and bids you come.

You must do it. You cannot hold back. You have enjoyed yourself in religion long enough. You have sung. You have had pleasant feelings, pleasant songs, pleasant meetings, pleasant prospects. There has been much of human happiness, much clapping of hands, and firing of volleys—very much of Heaven on earth.

Now, then, go to God and tell Him you are prepared to turn your back upon it all, and that you are willing to spend the rest of your days grappling with these perishing multitudes.

You must do it. You must go down amongst the perishing crowds. Your happiness now consists in sharing their misery: your ease in sharing their pain: your crown in bearing their loss: and your Heaven in going to the very jaws of hell to rescue them.

I say no more, yet I will speak again more particularly how this rescue business can be carried on, but must wait till next week.

Your affectionate General,
WILLIAM BOOTH.

## Preston.

Since our last report we have seen

Two precious souls

fall at the foot of the Cross. Praise God forever. We do realize more than ever that Jesus is strong to deliver and mighty to save. We are bound to fight and never give in, and we know that victory's ours.

Lieut. Mutton.

## Welland.

Praise God for victory! We can look over the past week as one of victory.

We began the week on Monday with 1 soul in the fountain. On Wednesday 4 more crying for mercy, and on Sunday afternoon 1 more crying for God to save her, and praise God they all got gloriously saved. We closed the week with 6 sheaves for the Master. Hallelujah!

Cadet Meston.

# MONTREAL AGAIN.

## What Toronto "Globe" and Montreal "La Presse" Says.

Montreal is securing for itself a bad preeminence for rowdyism and intolerance. It has been trying its hand on the Salvation Army, and with the most preposterous results. *"The rioters have gone scot free, and some of the assailed have alone been taken into custody. Now this work is simply intolerable.* If it is fancied that in this way God is glorified, or religion honored, there never could be a greater or a more injurious mistake. If the Salvationists or any other body of people break the law, let that law lay its heavy hand on them. But if they are merely exercising their rights as British citizens and as free men and women, then any interference with them must be put down at all hazards. *It certainly is a frightful state of things that eccentrics and all manner of individuals may go through Canadian streets with bands of music, or at least of noise, with impunity, but as soon as any approach to this is done in the name of religion, then those engaged in such work are assailed by crowds of brutal, excited savages, who fancy that in this way they show their zeal for the kingdom of Heaven and the religion of love.* The Montreal *La Presse* of Monday last puts the whole thing very appropriately in the following terms:—

"The scenes of which Montreal was yesterday the theatre, will scarcely add to the favorable reputation of this city.

"Thousands of persons shouting, insulting and threatening half a dozen individuals who were doing them no harm, is not a spectacle destined to make outsiders believe that we are a peaceful people, that we respect the law, and are as quiet and religious as was supposed.

"After all, why have we a grudge at these preachers? Is it that they are really a cause of disorder? In that case it could only be in an incidental way, seeing they content themselves with preaching in the streets the principles of morality and religion which are proclaimed in all the churches.

*"It appears that they greatly displease certain crowds, but this may be only a proof that the work of these new preachers is very far from being useless.*

"Their system perhaps is open to criticism. The military array, the tone of familiarity in discussing matters worthy of the greatest respect, the absence of fixed doctrines and settled beliefs make us believe that they represent no organized church, and that their work is incomplete. But for all that nobody can deny that they have done much good.

"There is no law forbidding drum beating on the streets, and without that, if we wish to be without drums, we should have to abolish children in the first place, and then military music and minstrels and circuses.

*"Forepaugh's circus alone had twenty blasts of trumpet. For two mornings in succession his conveyances entirely blocked our streets. It was necessary to turn out of their course in order to pursue one's ordinary business. Yet no one complained, no arrests were made; no intervention of the police were asked.*

*"Is it forbidden to sing pious hymns or to preach Christianity in the streets? But people are their swearing and blaspheming continually. The most obscene songs are repeated everywhere. Are there to be no counteractive to these?*

*"When the police have lately taken so much trouble to protect others, we can see no reason why they should imprison members of the Salvation Army.*

All this is sensible. The citizens of a *free* country must learn to bear and forbear. All that any have to do with the Salvationist preaching is simply to move away if they do not care for it. But to begin and break heads and make a riot. Pshaw!
—*Toronto Globe.*

## Gravenhurst.

Praise God for victory. Sunday was a time of feasting to our souls. Something grand, waves of power came over the meetings, sinners under deep conviction and trembling on account of their past life.

Four stood up for prayer.

Wound up the week with

Three souls.

Capt. Bell.

## Millbrook.

God has blessed our labor

One precious so

Sunday, powerful meetin
and some sat with tears in th
I believe pride is the great
in the way, and we know
abomination in the sight of t
Capt.

## Blythe.

Two prisoners cap

on Thursday last. Glory
Friday night, holiness me
time long to be remembered.
of God came down and filled
overflowing. Good meetings
aterday. We closed with tw
souls for the week.
Capt

## ALL FOR THE

Original for the War

Tune.—"*Not My O*

Not my own, to Christ un
One in word, in deed, i
Never more to have Thee
By "a prone to wander heart."

CHORUS.

All for Thee, yes! yes!
All for Thee, yes! yes!
Living only all for Thee;
Daily walking in Thy footsteps,
Toiling, fighting, all for Thee

All for Thee my whole possessions,
Soul, and time, and strength, and will;
Every act to be concordant,
With Thy blessed, Holy will.

All for Thee, Oh! be it ever,
All I live for, toil for here;
May I prove a traitor never,
But march on Thy life to share.

All for me I know Thou wilt be,
Whilst I'm altogether Thine;
Never leaving or forsaking,
Ever keeping all the time.

## TO OUR POETS.

We are very much in need of some good definite songs on Salvation, Holiness and War; something that will hit somebody, set to popular singing tunes. Ask God to baptize your poetical powers with the Holy Ghost, then let us hear from you sharp.

## Shannonville.

Saturday night we had a grand open air meeting. Returned to the hall where God made bare His Holy arm, and saved

Three souls.

Our hearts did rejoice, and we praised God for victories won. Members of other churches recognizing the old gospel sound, have thrown away all prejudices and are helping to drive on the battle, and many of them thank God for what He has done through the Salvation Army for them and their friends.

Cadet Vance.

## Bracebridge.

We can thank God for victory over sin and the devil. On Saturday night as we held an open air on the street, one brother was so convicted of his sin, that he decided in spite of what his companions said, to start to serve Jesus. We had good meetings all day Sunday.

Three precious souls

wept their way to the feet of Jesus. We are believing for many more.

Capt. Magee.

## WAUBAUSHENE.

Sunday night we went out on the march, with flags, timbrels, and drum, and as we held an open air meeting the power of God came down and filled us to overflowing, and we could truly sing from our hearts, "I love Jesus," and although no one has yielded, yet we are sure they are coming very soon.

Lieut. Haldane.

## Bradford.

Some people thought that the Army was going down here in this place, Praise God! So we are getting real low down at the feet of Jesus. Bless His dear name, He is raising us up higher and higher. Yesterday we felt God's presence very much, and we believe many were convicted of sin.

Capt. Moyer.

## Waterdown.

This week was a glorious week to our souls. While in our meetings we could see deep conviction. We know the victory is on the Lord's side, and He will bring us out more than conquerors. Soldiers getting fired up and getting saved higher. We are determined to storm the forts of darkness and extend God's kingdom.

Capt. Sweetman.

## Paris.

Saturday night we had a real Holy Ghost time, both out doors and in. Sunday, some real good meetings.

As we farewelled to Paris, and told the people once more of the love and mercy of God to us, and of the love of God to them, and warned them to escape a never ending hell, the people were moved to tears, and at the close

One young man

surrendered himself to God.

Capt. Smith.

## LINDSAY.

Good meetings all the week. Sunday morning at 7 o'clock we did prove that those who were willing to seek Him early would find Him. We met for a blessing and just like Jesus He filled our hearts to overflowing.

Met again at 10.30 for a tremendous march. Inside at 11 o'clock for a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Fired away all day, saw no souls saved, but through the week we rejoiced to see

Three Backsliders

returning home.

Capt. Scott.

# What a Holy Life is Like.

Notes of Addresses by the Chief-of-Staff and Miss Emma Booth at the Alexandra Palace.

MR. BRAMWELL BOOTH: If there is anything we want to know, it is the truth about ourselves. If there is anything we cannot afford to neglect, it is the truth about our own hearts. Oh, Lord, show us ourselves! There occurred to me, as there has occurred to me before, two or three conditions which you will experience as the result of this sanctification which I shall mention in relation to this matter. If you are sanctified and have a clean heart, among other feelings you will have, under all circumstances, at all times, and in all places, an unwavering confidence in God. No matter whether people about you fail, hopes fail, prospects fail, ambitions fail, friendships fail, the very ground upon which you walk fail, still in your own soul, if you have this blessed experience, there will be unshaken, unflinching, unwavering confidence in the living God.

There is another condition, a second one, that you should be conscious of at all times—supreme love of God; that you shall not only be able to rejoice in Him, and lean on Him, because He is strong, but that you should love Him because He is beautiful, pure, loveable, and holy; that you should love Him first; that God's kingdom shall be first; that you shall love Him with all your heart, mind, soul and strength, and that you shall love your neighbor as yourselves, and therefore will be as anxious and hard-working to get your neighbors saved as you are to save yourself. The most blessed consequence of the other two—the most blessed result of all will be, that under all circumstances, you will be able to say that your soul is satisfied with God. You will be able to say, "In whatsoever state I am, I have learned therewith to be content, because God satisfies me." You trust Him, you love Him, and you will be satisfied with Him. That is, indeed, heaven on earth. If you don't realize that that is so, then you are not sanctified to the Lord.

And, thirdly, you will find that the love of the world will be destroyed when you love God supremely; the indwelling promise of Almighty Holiness Himself who says that His name is holy, and that he inhabiteth the high and holy place—indwelling Holiness will destroy and expel, and extirpate sin out of you. You will be a holy man, a holy woman, walking in the pleasant sunshine as he is in the sunlight, and having fellowship with Him. Your treasure will be with Him, your conversation will be with Him, and your hopes and expectations will be in Him.

MISS EMMA BOOTH: My brother has spoken to you of some of the consequences of this life and these consequences

should be to please Him, and so do His will on earth as perfectly in one capacity, as we expect to do by and bye at His throne. God must see that we are pure in purpose before He will make us pure in heart. Do not let us put this Salvation off, for as truly as we are here, God is waiting to receive us. Let us throw ourselves at the feet of Jesus—let us plunge into His precious blood to-night, which is as efficacious for this sin as for that sin—which if it can cleanse one sinner it can cleanse us all to the uttermost, and which if it can cleanse us at one moment can surely do it the next, and if it keeps us clean one hour it can keep us clean another, and through all time.

## Thamesville.

This week has been one of real war against drink, sin, and the devil, and as we look over the battle field, we see two

Two of the devil's Soldiers

have been killed, and many more wounded. Lord kill them dead to sin is our prayer, so that we can bring them to Jesus who is able to raise them from the dead. We mean by the help of God to go on and fight until we die. We have had the victory this week, and to God be all the glory.

Capt. V[illegible]

## HE WILL SET YOU FREE.

Original for the *War Cry.*

By E. E. E. Galt.

Tune.—"*There is a fountain filled with Blood,*" or "*Remember Me.*"

There is a Saviour full of love,
Who bled and died for thee.
He came from His bright home above,
To save and set you free.

CHORUS.

I will believe, I do believe.

Jesus is willing you to save,
Though sinful you may be.
And a free pardon He will give,
If to the Cross you flee.

He came on earth like as a child,
He dwelt with simple men,
And suffered scorn and cruel death,
To free you from all sin.

Come to this Saviour while you may.
He will your sins forgive,
And all your guilt will take away,
Bid you "look up and live."

# Those Afar Off.

## News from Commissioner Railton.

*(Written in continued weakness from Natal, South Africa.)*

It would lighten the dreariness of long exile in no small degree if I felt sure I could convey to every comrade's heart what I feel of the darkness and hopelessness of whole populations, aye, nations, as yet unreached by The Army.

To begin with British sailors. I have no doubt it is commonly thought that some sort of religious service is held on board most ships on Sundays while at sea; but how far is this from the truth? It is true that prayers are read on large ocean liners, but almost always in the saloon, where no sailor or stoker likes to go. On the ordinary merchant ship, neither officers nor men ever hear of such a thing as praying throughout all the weeks or months they may be at sea.

Then as to English Colonists. It is needless to say more than their case is much the same as that of English towns and villages where our Flag is not flying. Remember that no matter how many churches or missionary stations there may be, such a thing as a Salvation prayer meeting on a Sunday evening, or any other time is utterly unknown ex-
rare case of some "special
held for a fortnight or so.
that many thousands of
attered over vast terri-
eligious service of any
r reach for months to-

ersuaded to hold a meet-
where from Sunday to
is generally no service
here are two churches.
e meeting, three poor
t boldly to seek mercy,
got up and testified in
t one of these young men
he wished he could have
Heaven from the spot.
marked that if we could
ight off to the Cape or
r the Army, he might
Of course we did our
ge them to "stand for
ut as the storm of ridi-
st on them and us, ex-
had been Soldiers already
, we could not but feel
were the odds against
else who might wish to
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ide with this picture, with
ily too familiar in Eng-
darker still. Here are
to be 800,000 strong in
atal alone, besides hun-
ds more who have still
word and famine which
se upon them in their
own country. This splendid race is as utterly left out of consideration, even by the mass of Christians on the spot, as if it were a race of dogs.

The noble few who labor for their good are sneered at for "petting" them, or even abused as people who make them worse than they originally were.

Who is to bridge the tremendous gulf between these poor naked Zulus without any idea of God, and Her Majesty's white subjects who employ them? A native minister, like an English minister is dressed in the highest European style, I need say no more. Where are the men and women who will stoop to live in Zulu Kraals to save the Zulus? Alas! alas! the nearest Cross of those men and women is hundreds of miles away, and till The Salvation Army marches along, I fear no really brotherly hand will ever be stretched out to them, and if the Zulus be only half a million of the two or three hundred million African peoples, how many Salvation Army Soldiers would God really like to send at once to those who are afar off?

R.

## ZION.

Sunday evening good meeting; presence of God felt; deep conviction stamped on many faces. Praise the Lord for one soul since coming here.

Cadet S[illegible]ey.

## HIGHGATE.

Wednesday Capt. Scott was down to lead the Soldiers, and the Lord sent a lot of people to listen to the good news of Salvation from sin.

The Lord made us singing happy on Saturday night, so we had about 15 of us singing a new song to the Lord, and then pleaded with the people to come and get ready for Heaven too.

Sunday morning we had our Methodist brethren with us, as their church was being renovated, and praise God! we had some plain dealing with the Lord, and He renovated our hearts with His spirit.

At the evening meeting we had the minister on the platform, and God helped him to speak burning truths.

## CLIFFORD.

On Thursday night we had a grand jubilee. We had a grand open air;

Hundreds of people

looking on, to hear what we had to tell about the love of Jesus. Although the people seem hear, we are believing for a big smash.

Cadet Lindsay for Capt. Rodd.

## COMPETITION LIST.

*For WAR CRY No. 30.*

Subscription List 1625.

TORONTO DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Eastwood, A.D.C.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Richmond St. | 1000 | Uxbridge | 200 |
| Yorkville | 600 | Lippincott | 200 |
| Bowmanville | 400 | Stouffville | 175 |
| Oshawa | 325 | Oakville | 150 |
| Riverside | 500 | Orono | 150 |
| Parkdale | 300 | Brooklyn | 100 |
| Milton | 300 | Pickering | 125 |
| Port Perry | 200 | Lambton | 100 |
| Whitby | 200 | Mt. Albert | 100 |
| Brampton | 100 | Bronte | 75 |
| | | Newcastle | 75 |

Total, Toronto Div. 5,275.

BARRIE DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Eadie, A.D.C.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Peterboro | 500 | Fenelon Falls | 275 |
| Barrie | 425 | Millbrook | 150 |
| Orillia | 350 | Stayner | 150 |
| Owen Sound | 325 | Stroud | 150 |
| Lindsay | 300 | Gravenhurst | 150 |
| Collingwood | 300 | Omemee | 125 |
| Midland | 250 | Creemore | 125 |
| Orangeville | 200 | Thornbury | 100 |
| Meaford | 200 | Mt. Albert | 100 |
| Bracebridge | 200 | Cannington | 100 |
| Aurora | 200 | Newmarket | 250 |
| Bradford | 275 | Coldwater | 100 |

Total, Barrie Div. 5,000

HAMILTON DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Margetts A.D.C.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| St. Catherines | 500 | Port Dalhousie | 150 |
| Brantford | 300 | Humberstone | 150 |
| Hamilton | 300 | Onondaga | 150 |
| Guelph | 250 | Waterdown | 150 |
| Thorold | 250 | Hagersville | 125 |
| Dundas | 250 | Port Dover | 125 |
| Paris | 225 | Preston | 100 |
| Acton | 225 | Waterford | 100 |
| Simcoe | 200 | Ayr | 75 |
| Galt | 200 | Burlington | 75 |
| Norwich | 200 | Jarvis | 75 |
| Hamilton II | 150 | Port Ryerse | 75 |
| Welland | 150 | Kendall | 75 |

Total Hamilton Div. 4 375

LONDON DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Woolley, A.D.C.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| London | 400 | Ridgetown | 125 |
| Sarnia | 300 | Thamesville | 150 |
| Chatham | 300 | London East | 125 |
| St. Thomas | 300 | Lucan | 125 |
| Woodstock | 300 | Watford | 100 |
| Ingersoll | 250 | Forest | 100 |
| Wallaceburg | 200 | Exeter | 100 |
| Strathroy | 200 | Newbury | 100 |
| Petrolia | 200 | Alvinston | 100 |
| Dresden | 150 | Wyoming | 75 |
| Bothwell | 150 | Thetford | 50 |
| Tilsonburg | 150 | | |

Total, London Div. 4,050.

PALMERSTON DIVISION.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Stratford | 250 | Blythe | 200 |
| Seaforth | 250 | Harriston | 200 |
| Goderich | 250 | Elora | 200 |
| Mount Forest | 250 | Drayton | 175 |
| Port Elgin | 200 | Clinton | 175 |
| Chesley | 200 | Mitchell | 175 |
| Palmerston | 200 | Brussels | 150 |
| Listowell | 200 | Walkerton | 100 |
| Kincardine | 200 | Southampton | 100 |
| | | Wiarton | 75 |

Total, Palmerston Div. 3,55[illegible]

KINGSTON DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Madden, D.O.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Belleville | 600 | Napanee | 225 |
| Kingston | 500 | Campbellford | 100 |
| Port Hope | 300 | Stirling | 100 |
| Gananoque | 250 | Bath | 75 |
| Trenton | [illegible] | | |
| Cobourg | 200 | | |
| Picton | 200 | | |

Total, Kingston Div. 2,800.

ST. JOHN N. B., DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Morton.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| St. John | 1000 | Moncton | 600 |
| Carleton | 500 | Sussex | 400 |

Total, St. John Div. 2500.

MONTREAL DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Young, D.O.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Montreal I | 1500 | Montreal II. | 500 |
| | | Coaticooke | 200 |

Total, Montreal Div. 2,200.

OTTAWA DIVISION.
Staff-Capt. Young, D.O.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ottawa | 500 | Perth | 100 |
| | | Prescott | 200 |

Total, Ottawa Div. 1000.

Total [illegible]

# Hamilton Div'n.

## TROOPS ADVANCING.

## Enterprising Engagements.

## A Church Captured.

## A Foundry Converted

### Brilliant Battles -- Great Victories -- Deserters Caught -- Salvation!

We have long ago ceased to fight for the mere sake of fighting, and we charge the foe for victory every day. We get it too; either by maintaining our hold of of his old possessions, or by making further advancements on his territory, and seizing it for our King. We are straining every nerve to win greater and quicker victories. I have had a look at our comrades at

PARIS.

They have had considerable odds to fight against, but, steady victory has been achieved. The Town Hall was taken for a special engagement---a Salvation service of song---brass band from Galt, and surrounding Officers to the front. We had a good meeting,---straight shooting, pointed testimonies, stirring songs. Everybody encouraged and more determined to go in might and main to save souls. Capt. Smith and Lieut. Williams, in command,

A good work is going on at

WATERFORD.

On Wednesday 17th, I arrived on the scene of operations. Capts. Cowan, Willis, Esau, and the brass band met together for a jubilee meeting

In the Opera House.

This was preceeded by a Hallelujah Banquet and monster march, with military band, and a good procession of rank and file, which fairly roused the whole town. We have been in this town a little more than six months. Blessed results have followed the continual charge of Salvation shot and shell; scores have been saved; glorious alterations have taken place. Immediately opposite the Officers quarters is

A Large foundry

where a good number of men and youths are employed, and where Salvation songs and good words ring out from early morn till eventide, while the crash and bang of foundry business whirls along, and, surely this is better than the many oaths and curses which were not long ago so popular in the same place.

Salvation is good for business,

and makes it swing along in Hallelujah fashion. We are just clearing out of the old Salvation Fort, have captured a nice little church, where we hope to see even greater and better results than have already taken place. Capt. Carrey and Lieut. Richardson are bravely leading the advance.

Lieut. Heal and Cadet Tuckey are firing away at

PORT DALHOUSIE.

I ran in for the Saturday night's free and easy. 'Twas a wet night but we had a full hoose. The Soldiers had a word of testimony each. There is a lot of young men here who ought to become Soldiers in our ranks. God help us to lay hold of them soon. Holy lives and the power of God, with plenty of hard hitting will do it. Comrades, go in for it.

ST. CATHERINES

was the next field of battle. Arrived late Saturday night, and rose early for knee drill.

Between 30 and 40

turned up for a Hallelujah breakfast. God met with and blessed us, and also brought a backsliding brother "Home once more." We stormed the citidal at 10.30, and returned for inspection of armor at 11. God gave us a time of liberty, and delivered seven brothers and sisters from the yoke of bondage. Another brother volunteered for Salvation in the afternoon's battle.

Conviction seized the people at night, as we dealt out the truths of salvation and damnation. It was a real hard fight; it seemed that not one would yield, but we stick to our guns and press the battle to bayonet's point. A lot retreat wounded to the quick. We hold on to the sword, and are just laying it down to hoist the colors for the victories of the day, when two young men,

In dead earnest,

rush to the King's feet and surrender arms. A volley rends the air, and we all praise God for one more day's fighting and victory.

Monday, the Officers from Welland, Humberstone, Thorold, and Port Dalhousie joined us for a little council, and some big battles, closing with an all night of prayer. It was a day of blessing to our souls. Heaven bowed down upon us all night, as roll after roll of testimony was unfolded, while numbers sought and found the power they needed, to remove their sins and turn their spiritual failings into holy and blessed success.

There is a great work to be done in this beautiful city. Now, comrades, in the power of God "Go forward" and accomplish it.

Tuesday night another big "go" was arranged at

WATERDOWN.

A good force of our Hamilton heroes came over to help us. The devil was as busy as he could be, but Salvation Soldiers, with the whole armor on, are more than a match for him. The first part of the battle certainly looked like failure, but the latter part ended with triumph and praise to our King. We had a good crowd, a splendid engagement; the only regret on the part of the natives being, that, notwithstanding we kept the engagement on till considerably after 10 o'clock, it was far too short. God save the whole Division.

Yours, fighting for it,
STAFF-CAPT. MAROTTE, A.D.C.

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## SARNIA.

God is working wonderfully here in Sarnia. Good meetings all week. On Tuesday night

One soul came to God.

On Wednesday,

Two more.

Friday night a time long to be remembered.

Eleven out for cleansing,

Two for Pardon.

Sunday Holiness meeting, God manifested Himself in a wonderful manner. Afternoon a real Holy Ghost time;

Three precious souls

wept their way to Calvary. At night our hearts rejoiced to see the devil defeated again.

Four more

of his followers came over on the Lord's side, making

Twelve for the week.

Capt. O'Leary.

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## Sussex, N.B.

Still we are marching along, with our Gospel guns loaded with hallelujah ammunition, and last week we shot the old devil, and gave him black eyes. Of course, he always kicks when we hurt him, but that does us no harm; we mean to go on and catch his prey, and bring them to Jesus. We closed the week with

9 precious souls

for the Kingdom. Hallelujah!

Capt. Degeire.

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## GODERICH.

Tuesday we had a grand time and

One Soul.

Yesterday was a time of power. We met at 7 a.m. and had a good breakfast, and God did wonderfully bless us.

Four out for Holiness

and one for pardon. Afternoon march was glorious, open air indescribable, Soldiers all on fire, hundreds standing around to hear about Salvation. Our brothers are in red guernseys, and the devil hates the sight of them. Glory hallelujah!

Capt. Calhoun.

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## Stirling.

Our meetings have been good all week. Sunday morning kneedrill God was with us, and we got off our knees with new courage to go out and tell dying souls of this wonderful Saviour they must find or die eternally. Oh! Lord help us to wake the people up.

Capt. Ronan.

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## Midland.

God has been working here in Midland. Praise Him for the cleansing power. Friday night we had a real heart-searching time, with

Fifteen Souls

out for the blessing. Grand day on Sunday, two souls came to Jesus, making for the week

Two Souls and two Backsliders.

We give God all the praise.

Capt. Langley.

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## Council House.

We praise God we can still report victory through the precious Blood.

Twenty one prisoners

since last report. God is dealing with the hearts of the people. The tobacco devil is beginning to take a back seat.

Lieut. Wellwood.

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"Are you getting any Subscribers for the "War Cry."

# Is the Army Scriptual?

MAJOR TUCKER.

1. **Fix Bayonets!**

"I will lift up my hands in Thy name."—*David.*

2. **Clap Hands!**

"Oh clap your hands, all ye people."—*David.*

3. **Fire a volley!**

"Shout unto God with the voice of triumph."—*David.*

4. **Amen!**

"All the angels worshipped God, saying 'Amen'!"—*John.*

5. **Hallelujah!**

"I heard a great voice of much people in Heaven saying, 'Hallelujah'!"—*John.*

6. **Salvation! Glory! Power!**

"Salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God."—*John.*

7. **Noise.**

"Many shouted aloud for joy. For the people shouted with a loud shout, and the noise was heard afar off."—*Ezra.*

"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—*Psalms.*

8. **Brass Bands.**

"Four thousand praised the Lord with the instruments which I made, said David, to praise therewith."—*David.*

9. **Wind Instruments.**

Cornet, Trumpet, Shawm, Pipe, Organ.

10. **Stringed Instruments.**

Harp, Psaltery, Viol.

11. **Instruments of Percussion.**

Cymbals, Timbrels, Tabrets, Bells.

12. **Processions.**

"All Israel brought up the ark with shouting and with sound of the cornet, and with trumpets, and with cymbals, making a noise with psalteries and harps."—*David.*

13. **Cavalry Brigade.**

"The armies in Heaven upon white horses."—*John.*

14. **Army.**

"The armies which were in Heaven followed Him."—*John.*

15. **Scarlet Uniform.**

"He was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood."—*John.*

16. **Badges.**

"Having His Father's name written in their foreheads."—*John.*

"His name shall be in their foreheads."—*John.*

17. **Banners.**

"Thou has given a banner to them that fear thee, that it may be displayed."—*David.*

18. **Secret Book.**

"Beware of men."

"I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves."

"Be ye therefore wise as serpents."

"Fear them not therefore."—*Jesus.*

19. **Women Officers.**

"Deborah a prophetess judged Israel at that time. And she dwelt under the palm tree."—*Deborah.*

"Philip the Evangelist had four daughters, virgins, which did prophecy."—*Luke.*

"There is neither male, nor female."—*Paul.*

20. **Rows.**

"They were stoned."—*Paul.*

21. **Prosecutions.**

"They will deliver you up to the council."—*Jesus.*

22. **Faith-healing.**

"Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils."—*Jesus.*

---

## Hespeler.

Good meetings in the big Cathedral. Good crowds, but they are asleep. We are trusting God to awaken some of them soon. No doubt we are as good as a circus to the blind and deaf. Glory to God! for

One soul saved

from sin. It is getting better, Hallelujah! Some of our Soldiers started out on a *War Cry* expedition one day, and here are the results of it:---

1. No, don't want one.
2. No, wouldn't read such a paper.
3. No change to-day (or would take one.)
4. God bless you girls! Hope your right. (Wouldn't take one but gave us five cents.
5. No, can't sympathize with such a mode. (Offered to help any other way.)
6. Yes! took one.
7. No, never seen one before. (But took one.)
8. Glad to see you on the right road, (would like to see you a Methodist.
9. Took one.
10. Took one, (gave us five cents for the walk.
11. No, don't want one, (perhaps these other fellows want one.
12. No, don't want one.
13. Well, I don't want any.
14. Don't care, (took one, gave us five cents.
15. Don't know, (looked at it, took one.)
17. No!
18. Guess I'll have to take one, (took one.)
19. Took one.
20. Took one, (Are you Captain, no only Soldier.
21. Oh, Yes.
22. Took one.

Lieut. Mutton.

# SONGS.

## PUSHING THE WAR.

Original for the *War Cry*.

BY JOHN W. CHURCHILL, Clinton.

Tune. "*We're Marching on to War.*"

We're Blood and Fire Soldiers,
We're washed from all our sin;
We're fighting for King Jesus,
And we are sure to win,
And in our Saviour's strength,
We go from town to town,
To fight against the devil,
And pull his kingdom down.

CHORUS.

The Army's on the move,
And never standing still;
To conquer all the world for God,
And do His blessed will.
We pray the Lord to bless us,
And keep us marching on!
Until we go up higher,
And hear the glad "Well done."

The people say we're crazy,
And very noisy too;
They think we are all nonsense,
And half the noise would do.
But we don't mind the people,
Their sneers nor anything;
We're marching on to war we are,
And we're bound to shout and sing.

The devil stands amazed
At our motto, "Fire and Blood,"
As all his forts are razed or stormed,
And conquered for our God.
We pray our God to bless us,
It's souls we're living for;
To make us Soldiers brave and true,
And arm us for the war,

CHORUS.

So let us fight for Jesus and bring the sinners in,
Let Jesus be our Captain and we are bound to win;
He shall lead us onward to meet the mighty foe,
Blood and Fire will conquer, and we'll lay old Satan low.

Oh! let us be brave Soldiers, and fight the battle through,
Remember what we promised our dear Saviour we would do;
So come along dear comrades and fight the bitter strife,
Jesus shall be our battle cry, and God defend the right.

Although the world despise, and frown upon us so,
Yet we can bear it all for Him, who did to Calvary go;
Think of His sufferings on the Cross, the crown of thorns He wore,
The cruel spear pierced in His side, all this for us He bore.

So let us be determined the world for God to win,
Tell sinners that God loves them, but that he hates their sins;
That Jesus sits upon the seat of mercy, to receive
All those who ask for pardon, from their sins He will relieve.

---

## WILL YOU COME.

Original for the *War Cry*.

BY THE HALLELUJAH PLASTERER, Toronto.

Tune "*Little Sweetheart.*"

Oh! remember when the Saviour,
Died on Calvary's rugged tree,
There He died and shed His heart's Blood,
All to set the sinner free.

CHORUS.

Will you come and trust my Saviour,
Him that died upon the tree,
Him that still is saying to you,
Weary sinner come to Me.

Oh! remember how He suffered,
When in dark Gethsemane;
See the bloody sweat upon Him,
As He writhes in agony.

And to you, dear fellow-traveller,
Are you on the road that's right?
If you're not prepared for Heaven,
Why not come to Him to-night?

---

## OUR NOBLE BAND.

Original for the *War Cry*.

Tune "*National Anthem.*"

God bless our noble band,
And may we firmly stand
True to our God.
May we united be,
And on our bended knee,
Humbly to ask of Thee
Sinners to save.

Do Thou our steps direct,
Watch over and protect,
Our noble band,
The Salvation Army bless,
And may they onward press,
And crown them with success,
Thou God of love.

Upon our bended knee,
Father, we ask of Thee,
Our work to bless.
Do us in love unite,
For souls we mean to fight,
And serve with all our might,
Our God of love.

The world shall plainly see,
That we belong to Thee,
Oh! Christ our Lord.
We'll keep our armor bright,
And live as in Thy sight,
Oh! help us day and night
To do Thy will.

Unite our faith, Oh! Lord,
We plead Thy promised word,
Thou God of love.
Oh! Father, hear us now,
Before Thee we humbly bow,
And ask that sinners now,
May come to Thee.

---

## WAR SONG.

Original for the *War Cry*.

BY F. O. FREEMAN, CLINTON.

Tune---"*Marching on to War.*"

Wake up ye valiant soldiers, and tell to all around
Of Jesus and His love, of the Saviour we have found;
Arouse and tell to sinners of His wondrous love for them,
Let us do our best for Jesus, and win them over to Him.

---

## Seaforth.

On Wednesday we had a grand Jubilee. Officers and Soldiers from surrounding stations. In the afternoon at 2.30, we marched to the station to meet Officers and Soldiers from the east. At 3 o'clock we had a grand Holiness convention, when we believe many consecrated themselves afresh to God.

At night 7.30, triumphant march, mounted guns to the front, all the town out, the devil included. He raged and tared, and well he might, to see so many who he once had bound down with sin; and they are now free and fighting against him.

Inside, indiscribable time, while the devil all this time was tearing outside, God was working inside, and after one of the happiest and most glorious times we ever spent, the meeting was brought to a close with

Three in the Fountain

getting their sins washed away. The Seaforth braves mean victory.

Capt. Cook.

---

## Kingston.

As we have lifted up Jesus on the Cross to the crowd; the blood has flown over

Nineteen Drunkards

fighters, and respectable sinners. One man had been tried for murder, but found not guilty.

Another, a young woman who had been travelling with a circus, and leading a bad life.

But Jesus pardoned them all. Oh! Lord, help us all to do our duty, and never let a chance slip of speaking to the poor sin bound soul about eternity.

Capt. Spooner.

---

## Barrie.

Sunday all day grand, 57 out to knee-drill. Glorious time, got filled for the day, which we closed tired in body, but praise God more determined than ever to fight the good fight of faith through to the gates. May God soften the hard hearts of the Barrie folks, and show them their need of Salvation.

Capt. Robinson.

---

## Bothwell.

Praise God. Monday evening the Soldiers and Officers went into the fountain. Tuesday one precious soul surrendered to the King. Good meetings all week. Sunday a day of power.

Three Backsliders came home.

Glory to God, they got a real hearty welcome, and were cleansed by the Blood.

Capt. Thomas.

---

## Aurora.

Drums beating, banners flying, Christians shouting, and everybody happy

But the sinner.

At night it was indeed a Salvation meeting. Twelve real Blood and Fire testimonies, and then into the prayer meeting we go. We asked for one soul, and we laid hold of His promise, and just as we were going to leave

One young man came right out,

got saved, and is wearing the badge now. With Blood and Fire, faith and feeling, the Army Colors shall wave here in the 65th.

Capt. Banton.

---

## Creemore.

Meetings good; Soldiers going in for more of the love of God.

Lieut. Smith.

# Holiness to the Lord.

In a letter written to the *Expositor of Holiness*, by the Rev. A. Hardy, from his temporary home in England, speaks of the Salvation Army as follows:---

"One is astonished at the influence of of the Salvation Army. Though it is but of yesterday, and is steadily opposed by Messrs. Littlefaith, Little heart, and Great I; by scribes, Pharasies, and hypocrites; by publicans, blasphemers, and papists, who criticise, defame, and persecute, yet the movement marches on. In many places the lowest orders of society are reached, and wonderful transformations are witnessed. In every Corps are to be seen the marvels of converting and sanctifying grace.

The question naturally arises. "What is the secret of their power?" for surely none will deny that they have power." Notwithstanding their peculiarities, and occasional objectionable performances, there is generally a most gracious, and, sometimes an overwhelming influence in their meetings. Evidently the Lord does bless them, and why? It appears that their loyalty to our good old Methodist doctrine of Holiness, is the secret of their success. In their praying and speaking, in their *War Cry* and literature, in their ordinary meetings, and in their great gatherings, consecration, entire sanctification and purity of heart have generally a prominent place. Indeed, at their various stations, they have special weekly Holiness meetings. It must be acknowledged that they preach a salvation for all sinners, and a salvation from all sin. Thus it is that the Lord blesses them.

---

## Greenbank.

Yesterday was a grand day to our souls. The people of this place are quite respectable but not too respectable to live. We are believing for the victory. Deep conviction all over the hall; anxious souls. Believing for a great smash.

Capt. Winterburn.

---

## CLINTON.

Good meetings all week.

One more soul

saved. Sunday morning 32 at knee drill; Staff-Capt. GLOVER with us; how God does bless the knee drills, 11 o'clock meeting wonderful power, over 80 in the fountain for pure hearts and reconsecration, and, of course, everybody got a blessing.

Afternoon and night blessed times, every Soldier on fire, conviction stamped on many faces, some moved to tears.

Capt. Calhoun.

---

## Thornbury.

Took charge here on Thursday. Found the enemy strongly fortified, but also found a goodly number of Christians who were willing to help in the fight against the powers of darkness. Friday night

One sister came to Jesus

for pardon, which of course was freely granted, and she was enabled to trust Jesus as her Saviour. Many more deeply convicted.

Capt. McDowell.

---

## Trenton.

On Saturday we opened our new hall; street and hall packed, people looking on as if they could not understand, and I don't wonder, for we are a peculiar set of people here. Good meetings Saturday and Sunday.

One soul surrendered.

Praise God! Our outpost at Frankford is booming with Salvation. The whole place is alive, and Christians are all on fire, and some are getting saved. We mean to conquer.

Capt. MacDonald.

---

## Port Elgin.

The Salvation Army in the name of King Jesus, opened fire on this place on the 9th of June, led by Staff Capt Lengate.

Good meetings all week; deep conviction, and victory on Sunday night by seeing

Two sin-sick souls

weep their way to Calvary, Hallelujah! We shall gain the victory.

Capt. Gibbs.

---

## Barracks Wanted.

*We are still in want of more Barrack accommodation all over the Dominion, in every town and village.*

*Many of our Soldiers and friends could help us very much if they would keep a sharp look out for buildings likely to suit, such as old churches, skating rinks, music halls, theatres, circuses, markets, or warehouses, and immediately on hearing of such premises to write at once, with any information which can be got to*

The Commissioner,
Property Department
225 Queen Street West,
Toronto, Ont.

# ALL ROUND.

BY MIZPAH.

The work of the Salvation Army in St. John is progressing rapidly. It is estimated that there is $200 less of rum sold per day than before the Army came here. Souls are finding their way to Christ. The Army still marches along and tramples iniquity under its feet where it can find a foothold.

***

How many people have you led in the direction of Hell by your example and influence?

***

To how many persons do you think you have been a stumbling-block by your inconsistencies your doubts, and your fault-finding with those who are better saved than yourself?

***

It is quite true that the devil has the power to lock our lips, and entwine us within his serpent like coils in such a manner that we are really incapable of speaking and acting for God, even though willing and desirous of doing so: but he has no power which cannot be broken in answer to fervent prayer.

***

The other day a man told Staff-Capt. —— the following incident, respecting one of our present officers, who was then a private:

"I was driving along a road and met a girl who had not a scrap of uniform on, not one solitary mark to indicate she was saved. However, I was so struck by her bright saved face, that I pulled up, and beckoning her to me, said, "You are saved, I know." She responded heartily, her words seconding her looks, and after a moment or two we separated.

"The other day I happened to visit the place where she was stationed, having heard nothing of her since, and having not the least idea she had become an Officer. This time I was accosted by her asking me if I did not remember her as the one I had spoken to on the road. The result was, of course, mutual joy and glory to God.

"Let us LOOK saved!"

***

A Geneva paper, called "La Tribune de Geneve," in speaking of the Salvationists' imprisonments, says:

"What complicates the, affair is that these terrible people refuse to pay the fines, like we have seen at La Beroche; then the only thing left is to put them in prison; and besides that, to give 'a la repression' a little air of persecution, for the prison does not bear any profit to the State; on the contrary, the hunt after the Salvationists becomes henceforth only burdensome to the authorities. Thus, when I thought to find our budget containing very soon an item under the title—'Profits from the hunt after Salvationists,' I made a mistake. Instead of entering it among the receipts, it must be entered with the expenses—'Cost of hunt after Salvationists.' This is not at all what the State Council dreamt when it inaugurated a year ago, the revenue of the repression."

***

A member of Miss Booth's Training Home Staff, while in charge of a number of Cadets selling War Crys, and near Charing Cross, was ordered by a policeman to "Go in the gutter like other hawkers."

She readily obeyed, feeling glad to be counted worthy to walk in the "gutter," for she remembered that from the gutter hundreds of our most valuable jewels have been picked up.

***

Staff-Captain Perry has again been on his travels. This time he has been on a voyage up the Baltic, and as a result I am glad to hear that our Swedish comrades have secured the theatre in Visby, the chief town on the Island of Gotland. Captain Perry was most heartily welcomed by some of the Christian Gotlanders to be found on the Island. They told him they had for months past been looking and praying for "Fralsnings Armen" to come, and he says it was remarkable to see how much they seem to feel that if anything was to be done to evangelize the place, it would be The Army who would do it. On his setting sail for Stockholm some of the natives stood on the shore waving their handkerchiefs and their hats till the vessel was out of sight.

***

I also hear that we shall shortly begin to build a Salvation Army Barracks in the rising town of Orebro. May every town in Sweden get served the same way.

***

Our Home of Rest although on a small scale will soon be opened. I heard the COMMISSIONER say how very much we needed a horse and buggy, could not some of our rich friends see to it, and send one along to us in the name of Jesus, and for the use of sick and wounded Officers. Send along quick.

***

Wyoming Authorities I see are trying to stop the Salvation Army altogether, and unless God shows us some new instrument, why we cannot play at all, for the light of that peace loving village have said no Drum, Horn, Tamborine, etc., are to be played. However be it known unto these mighty men that the Salvation Army marches on, obeying God Almighty and we have a great host of volunteers ready to go all lengths for Jesus in order to save souls from hell, and no living power can stop the Holy Ghost.

***

Dr. H. Gibbons says:—"Tobacco impairs digestion, poisons the blood, depresses the vital powers, causes the limbs to tremble, and weakens and otherwise disorders the heart. It robs the poor man's family: it is averse to personal neatness and cleanliness; it promotes disregard for the rights and comforts of others it cherishes indolence of body and mind; it diminishes the vigor of the intellect; it destroys self control by establishing the slavery of habit; it develops the lower and animal nature of the higher: it leads into bad associations, and throws its influence into the scale of evil in all the relations of life.

***

How many men and women are now in hell because God's people would not rebuke their sins and warn them, nor, like the apostles, cut them to the heart with the truth, just because they felt a little timid! They did not like to and listened to the devil's fears and excuses, instead of nobly and boldly obeying the urgings of the Spirit of God.

***

You will find more people bowing down to gold than to God. There are a good many people who have got some other god than the God of the Bible. What do you worship?

## COLLINGWOOD.

Friday night we had a special baptism of the Holy Ghost, just what we needed.

Saturday night, grand testimonies from those that have been brought from Satan's darkness into God's most marvellous light. Many were convinced that they were in darkness, and

One sin-sick soul

came to the Great Physician and got cleansed. Good meetings all day Sunday. As the result

One precious soul

came over on the Lord's side. Closed the week with one soul and one backslider.

Capt. Dawson.

## Prescott.

We marched on this place on Sunday four strong, headed by the King of Kings, and a whole host of unseen corps of celestial warriors. It was truly delightful to march forth with such a leader. Glory be to His precious name.

We came to a halt on the Court House steps, and, after singing we knelt in prayer, and while we were appealing to God on behalf of the people, a policeman told us to move on. We did so, but returned in the afternoon. While we were at prayer the policemen took hold of me and marched me to the cells, where I spent a very quiet time to myself, more than I was singing the most of the time, I realized there the

Great difference between being a criminal and a prisoner for Christ's sake.

I was released by two Christian brothers, who generously went bail for my appearance at court next morning.

When the time for trial came on quite a crowd of sympathizers were in the Court room, but the case was postponed for lack of witnesses, no one being willing to witness against the people of God.

We appeared again on Tuesday morning, when the lawyer tried to press for conviction, but the magistrate, God bless him! could not see it in that light, and discharged the case.

Glory be to God! 'Tis nice to be fighting for Jesus. We have had good congregations and great attention, and are believing that God's arm will be made bare amongst the people. We are sure that great good will be accomplished in this place for God.

STAFF-CAPT. MANTON, for STAFF-CAPT. YOUNG, D.O.

## CARLETON N.B.

We are still marching on, God is working wonderfully, and the devil is raging. He is bringing some of his most powerful servants to bear on us, but, praise God! we get victory every time. The Soldiers are of the right stamp, willing to do anything for Jesus. Grand meetings, hall packed, great conviction,

26 souls for the week.

Hallelujah!

Capt. Gardner.

## Ingersoll.

6 poor souls plucked as brands from the burning.

Glory to God! Ride on King Jesus, until every soul in Ingersoll shall be saved.

Capt. Williamson.

## Fenelon Falls.

Arriving here we found our comrades in earnest about the Salvation of souls, lifting up Christ to the crushing multitudes who are running down to hell. Thursday night

One Soul surrendered

to God.

Friday a real Holiness meeting, everybody going in for more power. Sunday we fired volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, and many went home with bleeding hearts, pierced by the Gospel shot.

Capt. Cape.

## COLDWATER.

STILL AFTER THE DEVIL.

This is another week of victory. Thursday we determined to lick the devil some way, and we went out into the country and captured

One Soul for Jesus.

This Corps is going up. Converts joining the Army, and Soldiers going in for real purity.

Cottage meetings real times of power. Sunday 80 in the ranks, singing Glory to God in the Highest for full redemption.

Lieut. McKelvie.

## ALVINGSTON.

We are glad to report that meetings are getting better and souls are being saved.

Two precious Souls

have left the ranks of sin and Satan and come over on the Lord's side, and now testify in every meeting. God bless them. Five out for clean hearts.

Capt. Pink.

## CHESLEY.

We have great reason to thank God this morning for His goodness. During the past week we have seen

Fourteen souls Saved,

and some christians have been able to step out into full liberty. We are fighting in the strength of our King, and we know the victory is ours.

Capt. Morton.

**Push the "War Cry."**

# OPENING OF A NEW FORT IN THE WEST.

**Presentation Of Babies To The Lord.**

AND

**Colors to The Corps, By the COMMISSIONER.**

## GLENCOE.

Praise the Lord, we opened on Tuesday last another beautiful little fort in shape of a

New Barracks,

where we shall be able to fire with renewed vigor into the enemy's camp the gospel shot, and we pray that many may get wounded and killed. For a long time we have been wanting a proper place to hold meetings in, and although there was one church empty which we could have made use of admirably for the Lord. In spite of all efforts to get it for Him, we could not, and so the Lord opened up the way, as He always does for His people, by touching a gentleman's heart in such a way that he set straight to work, bought a nice piece of ground, and built a

Hallelujah Temple

for the noisy crew to worship in. Praise God and the Lamb for ever.

The opening service was led by the COMMISSIONER in true Blood and Fire Army style. The place was crowded to excess, and crowds that could not get in, were very glad and appeared quite content to look on and listen as best they could through the window.

We consecrated the building for Jehovah to do His mighty work in by having an

All-night with Jesus,

when dozens professed to find a complete deliverance through the Blood of Christ from all sin.

Next day we made for

## FOREST,

to present colors, and on landing we were met by some real Blood and Fire Soldiers, a good grip and a God bless you, and away we went and met the other Soldiers. The word being given, "fall in," we had a splendid procession, being reinforced by Soldiers and Officers from Lucan, Thedford and Arkona. Coming in from the march we were met with the words up in front of us,

"Welcome Major,"

being our COMMISSIONER'S first visit. We started off singing,

"Let every Army banner wave,
Wave them, Soldiers, wave them,"

which went with a smash, everybody joining in with the chorus in full tilt—

Wave the Flag of Calvary,
Wave the Flag of Liberty,
Wave the Flag of Victory,
Wave them, Soldiers, wave them.

till we felt the spirit of Heaven in the meeting. Glory to Jesus it was good. After prayer some heart-searching testimonies by the Soldiers in

Real Army Style,

One or two of them only having got converted the Sunday previous. Praise ye the Lord.

The COMMISSIONER then stepped forward and presented the Officers and Soldiers with the colors. The scene must have touched every heart in the building while hearing the fresh vows being made, and that the determination of the Officers and Soldier's hearts were to be more true than they ever had been and everybody said God bless you. We came away leaving everybody very happy who had witnessed the scene.

## SARNIA.

Crowds lined the thoroughfares of this place last Monday, wondering whatever was going to take place when

The Colors were presented,

never having seen it done before. The boys in the streets enjoyed the march very much, they

yelled, shouted and sang

I'm sure, till their little throats must have been sore. God bless and save the boys we say. We'll try and do something for them. I thought as I looked at them,

What smart Little Soldiers

they would make if only they were saved.

Hallo! somebody cries, here is the MAJOR, and so it was. Now then, fire a volley, lads and lassies, and fire a volley they did to a

right good shouting tune.

The whistle blows and all is quietness in a minute, and we started the meeting, which indeed was a

Never-to-be-forgotten time.

As the COMMISSIONER went on to explain what the

Red, blue and yellow

indicated, everybody seemed to drink it in right heartily, as if enjoying what was said. We hope and believe they did.

The Captain and two Cadets took the colors from the Commissioners hands, and swore that they would be allegiant to God and to the Army, and then we closed one of the best meetings ever held in Sarnia.

## PETROLIA

was the next scene for the colors. This Corps, praise the Lord, has plenty of

Fire, grip and go,

without colors, but we believe they will be the means of stimulating them on to gain greater

Victories for the King.

If any one in the Dominion wants to see how we are getting on in the west, and got some money they don't know what to do with, send along a donation to me, Clarence St., London, Ont., and come along yourself and pay your own travelling expenses, and I will show you what the Lord is doing.

The COMMISSIONER was kept very busy at this place. He had the Colors to present to the Corps,

and five children to the Lord.

The place was packed, and the COMMISSIONER spoke at length on the Salvation Army, explaining why we did this, and why we did the other. Why we carried the flag, why we marched the the streets, why we beat the drums, why we wore the uniform, and all the rest of it, and the humorous explanation the Commissioner gave seemed to satisfy all present. Ten thousand Hallelujahs for that. We closed singing the Army anthem,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Next day we marched on

## STRATHROY.

It was the scene of a nice little time, the crowd being small on account of some counter attraction in the shape of a Scott Act meeting for the abolishment of the liquor traffic in this town, and the victory depended upon being achieved through this meeting, spoiled us a little, but still we were glad the devil was defeated. Hallelujah! the Colors were presented, the COMMISSIONER making himself quite at home with the

Happy Little Crowd.

He spoke at length, presented the colors of the corps to Officers and Soldiers both swearing to be loyal to the colors and Jesus. We are believing for a much better time in the future.

Comrades, pay your vows.

Yours fully saved,

WM. WOOLLEY, A.D.C.

## BRONTE.

Glory Hallelujah!

6 precious souls

in the cleansing fountain. Praise God forever. When we went into our meeting on Sunday night with only a few of our soldiers we felt our weakness, but the Soldiers were saved, Hallelujah! and with the help of some of the dear Christians. God bless them! we went in determined to defeat the devil. He was determined, so were we. Wave after wave of Salvation came o'er us, and knowing that Jesus was strong to deliver we hammered away at old smutty with untiring zeal, and won the victory. Glory Hallelujah!

Lieut. Bearss.

## Goodwood.

Praise the Lord! We had good meetings all day yesterday. The power of God was there. On Saturday we made it so hot for the devil that he got up and dug out, could not stand it. We are believing for a smash; Lord send it!

Capt. Winterburn.

## Pickering

Praise God for victory! We commenced labor with knee drill Sunday morning. God greatly blessed our souls. At the holiness meeting

Three came out for the blessing

of a clean heart. Afternoon good. Evening great power, many deeply convicted. Hallelujah!

One precious soul

wept his way to Calvary.

Capt. Boyland.

## MIDDLEPORT.

We praise God the old chariot is still rolling on. We had a grand meeting Friday night. The people were delighted until one of the officers got Salvation in her feet, and of course they had to dance. Then the respectable devil got disgusted, but we do it all for Jesus. We mean Middleport for God.

Lieut. Blackwell.

# FAITH CURE.

DEAR MAJOR:

I feel it my duty to the cause of suffering, and to God's honor and glory, to let you know the wonderful way in which God has healed me.

For about a year before I was saved, I suffered with a dreadful disease in my throat, and which my medical adviser, although one of the best of his profession, said was absolutely incurable. For weeks at a time I could scarcely breathe, the only thing that could be done was to get it lanced or burnt. It was burnt every other day for three months, but the only good it done was to keep me from choking entirely. All the time I suffered dreadfully. God alone knows what I had to bear. I dare not as much as open a door on a damp day, or immediately the obstruction would rise in my throat. About six weeks after I was saved, God called me to go out in the battlefield, but I was not willing to obey Him. But the spirit so strove with me, that I had not a moment's happiness. I told the Lord that I would be of no use as I could not speak loud enough to be heard across the room, I could not march or anything that an Officer had to do. Still the Lord told me that the field was my place. On the 29th of May, 1884, it took very bad, much worse than usual. I had been preparing to go up to an all-night of prayer to be held in Woodstock on the 30th. I was so sick I could neither eat nor drink, not even a mouthful of water. But the Lord seemed to tell me I must go, that there was some special blessing for me. I got up out of bed and got ready, went up to the banquet at Woodstock suffering great bodily pain. In the all-night meeting Major Coombs, God bless him, was talking about faith in our blessed Saviour. The spirit whispered, "cannot you trust the Lord to heal you if He wants you in the field?" I said in my heart, "Well, Lord, if you do want me out, cure my throat, and I will go. I got off my seat and went out to the penitent form. I did not tell anyone what I was going out for. I knelt there, believing with all my heart that if I was to go out, my Saviour would heal all my disease, and glory be to his name forever, I got off my knees a well girl. Remember, when I knelt down I could not speak above a whisper, had not eaten for 48 hours, but when I got up I could sing as loud as anyone, and in a little while ate a hearty breakfast without the least inconvenience or pain. I went home as healthy as anyone. Although a year has now elapsed I have never had the least symptoms of of a relapse, although I have marched in rain, snow and slush, and sat in the shop with my feet wet all day. I am gaining strength daily. To-day I am rejoicing in good health, and a full, present and free Salvation, and I am now out in the field fighting for God and precious souls, determined to follow Jesus, even though it should be all the way to Calvary, God helping me.

I am a humble servant of Jesus Christ.

M—— M——

## PICTON.

She came down with her Jewelry and Finery—Four for the week.

Glory Hallelujah! we're just a happy crowd here in Picton. And why not? Our sins are pardoned. We are having hard fighting and we are seeing souls coming to the Master. Last night Sister L—— farewelled for the fight. God bless her! and two young ladies humbled themselves at our penitent form, and got saved, Hallelujah!

Lieut. Michael.

## Stroud.

We took charge here on the 18th. Were met at the station by thirty Soldiers, who, amid volleys of amens, marched us off to the barracks, just in time for the meeting. In quick succession the sharpshooters deposited their shot into the enemy's ranks.

Early Sunday morning we met in the armory to get our armor polished, swords sharpened, and ammunition replenished. A day's fight was before us; but knowing in whom we trusted, we were confident of victory. Between 2 and 3 p.m., we sallied forth, seventy in the march. After considerable skirmishing we returned to our barracks, where, having let the enemy taste our steel,

Two precious Souls

grounded their arms of rebellion at the feet of Jesus. Glory Hallelujah.

Capt. Brokenshire.

## Brampton.

It gladdened our hearts as we marched 40 in a line to meet the MAJOR, who was welcomed by every comrade, as they fired volley after volley. The people ran to see what the peculiar people were at again. We always like to take the enemy by surprise, and we thought if one drum was the means of bringing one sinner to Jesus that two would bring double the number, so that whatever will bring the most from darkness into the marvellous light of God, we intend to use for God.

Capt. Lack.

**DON'T FORGET 12 30 PRAYER.**

# COMING EVENTS

## THE COMMISSIONER

Will visit and present colors at the following Corps in July:

Ingersoll, Banquet and Presentation, July 13th

Woodstock, presentation, July 14th

St. John, presentation, July 18 and 19

Carleton, presentation, July 20

Sussex, presentation, July 21

Moncton, presentation, July 22

Montreal I and II., great meetings and presentation, and Commissioning of Officers, July 25, 26 and 27.

**GREAT ANNIVERSARY ATTACK.**

Banquet and Jubilee and All-Night of Prayer at

SIMCOE,

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, JULY 19 AND 20

STAFF-CAPT. MARGETTS, A.D.C.

To the front.

**Wednesday, July 15th, 8 p.m.**

—AT—

RICHMOND ST., TORONTO.

Great Salvation Wedding of

Staff-Captain ——

AND

Captain ——

Admission - 15 Cents

Proceeds towards Temple.

## ATTENTION!

Summer head gear for men and women will soon be ready. Further announcements shortly.

## WANTED.

Young men and women. Swedes, Norwegians, or Danes, Salvation Soldiers; to give themselves to God for the Salvation of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. Those who speak any of these languages may apply. Pray much, and offer yourselves to the COMMISSIONER,

15 Esther Street, Toronto.

## BEWARE

Of William Dearling, a short set young man, of sandy complexion—late of Preston. He has nothing whatever to do with the Salvation Army.

A man calling himself Capt. Wescott, last heard of as holding meetings in Madoc, has no connection with The Salvation Army whatever.

Beware of C. W. Fulture, who holds meetings in the name of The Salvation Army at Camlachie. He is in no way connected with The Salvation Army whatever.

## ATTENTION OFFICERS.

If you don't want your Reports to get into the *War Cry*

1. Write long reports.
2. Write on both sides of the paper.
3. Don't date your reports.
4. Don't write legibly.
5. Don't write to the purpose.
6. Write short sermons.
7. Use ink that no one can read.
8. And say nothing about the number of souls out for Salvation and consecration.

☞ Before writing to Headquarters inquiring the cause of your report not appearing in the *War Cry*, consult this notice, for explanation.

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